The University of Alberta Department of Music presents:

GLOBAL BEL CANTO

A Recital of Opera and Central Asian Music

Visiting Artist

RUSTAM DULOEV, TENOR

with

Janet Scott Hoyt, piano

and the Middle Eastern and North African Music Ensemble

(Michael Frishkopf, Director)

Project Coordinator: Federico Spinetti

Saturday, March 13, 2010 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

University of Alberta Opera Workshop
and Canadian Centre for Ethnomusicology

present

GLOBAL BEL CANTO
A Recital of Opera and Central Asian Music

PROGRAM

Part 1

Rustam Duloev, tenor
Janet Scott Hoyt, piano

Oyinaro
Traditional Tajik song, arranged by N. Pulodov
Poem: Zufarkhon Javhari (1860-1945)

La donna è mobile — Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
from *Rigoletto*

Zi suzi sina — Ziyodullo Shakhidi (1914-1985)
Poem: Badruddin Hiloli (1470-1527)

La mia letizia infondere — Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
from *I Lombardi alla prima crociata*

Non ti scordar di me — Ernesto De Curtis (1875-1937)

Addio fiorito asil — Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
from *Madama Butterfly*

Respublikai man
Sharofiddin Sayfiddinov (b. 1929)
Poem: Boqi Rahimozoda (1910-1982) and Muhiddin Farhat (1924-1984)

Libiamo ne' lieti calici — Giuseppe Verdi
from *La Traviata*
Yuliya Martishuk, Soprano

INTERMISSION

Part 2

Rustam Duloev, Vocals
Middle Eastern and North African Music Ensemble

Asphar awordim — Traditional Afghan song

Alireza Hamraz, Tar

Sarı gəlin — Traditional Azeri song

Farid Vaezi, Vocals
Kioumars Poorhaydari, Vocals
Alireza Hamraz, Tar

Falak (lit. 'sky' or 'destiny') is a characteristic music genre of the rural mountain regions of Tajikistan. Falak songs 'cry to the sky' of the transient nature of life and the separation from the beloved ones induced by a perceived inescapable fate.

Falaki dashti — Traditional Tajik song

Falak zina ba zina — Traditional Tajik song

Kioumars Poorhaydari, Tombak

Qal'abandi — Classical Tajik song

Music: Akasharif Juraev (1896-1966)
Poem: Abdulqadir Bedil (1644-1721)

Oshiyoni bulbulon — Traditional Tajik song

Falaki dashti — Traditional Tajik song

Falak — Traditional Tajik song

Kioumars Poorhaydari, Tombak

Mahbubai jon — Classical Tajik song

Music: Akasharif Juraev (1896-1966)
Poem: Muhammadjon Rahimi (1901-1968)

Texts and translations

Oyinaro (Mirror)
Text: Zufarkhon Javhari (1860-1945)

Gar kunad bo vasli didorash qarin oyinaro
Az mahu mehr ovard niz ofarin oyinaro
Gasht rashki sunbuliston shona tomashshota dosht
Ru ba ru bar on du zulfi anbarin oyinaro.

If a mirror were made with her image
The beauty of the moon would be reflected, how wonderful!
A comb could gaze upon that which moves the hyacinths to jealousy:
Her fragrant tresses reflected in the mirror.

La donna è mobile (Woman is fickle)
Text: Francesco Maria Piave (1810-1876)

La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento, e di pensiero.
Sempre un amabile, leggiadro viso,
in pianto o in riso, è menzognero.
È sempre misero, chi a lei s'affida,
chi le confida, mal cauto il core!
Pur mai non sentesi felice appieno
chi su quel seno non liba amore!

Woman is fickle, like a feather in the wind,
She changes the tone of her voice, and her thoughts.
Always a lovely, pretty face,
In tears or in laughter, is always lying.
He is always miserable, who trusts in her
Who gives her his unwary heart!
Yet nobody feels fully happy
Who on that bosom doesn't drink love!

Zi suzi sina (The fire of love)
Text: Badruddin Hiloli (1470-1527)

Suzi sina kabobam zi seli dida kharobam
Tu sham'i bazmi kasoniyu man darotashu obam
Maro u qubati hajri tu behtar az hama shodist
Tu rohati digaron mashav ki man dar azobam
Ba digaron man shinu ba jomi man mazan otash
Maro masuz ki man khud bar otashi tu kabobam

The fire of love burns me, the sight of you devours me
You are the light at someone else's celebration, while I burn and then I drown.
Your protection means more than all happiness to me
Do not give comfort to someone else, for I am in agony.
Do not sit and drink with someone else, do not leave me to die of thirst
Do not torment me, for I am already burning with love for you.

La mia letizia infondere (To infuse my joy)
Text: Temistocle Solera (1815-1878)

La mia letizia infondere
Vorrei nel suo bel core!
Vorrei destar co' palpiti
Del mio beato amore
Tante armonie nell'etere
Quanti pianeti egli ha:
Ah! ir seco al cielo, ed ergermi
Dove mortal non va.

I wish to infuse my joy
In your lovely heart
I wish to awaken with the throbbing
Of my blissful love
As many harmonies in the universe
As there are planets
Ah! To go with her to heaven and to rise up
Where no mortal can go.

Non ti scordar di me (Do not forget me)
Text: Domenico Furnò

Partirono le rondini dal mio paese	The swallows left my country
Freddo e senza sole	That is cold and without sun
Cercando primavere di viole,	Searching for springs with violets,
Nidi d'amore e felicità.	Nests of love and happiness.
La mia piccola rondine partì,	My little swallow left
Senza lasciarmi un bacio,	Without leaving me a kiss,
Senza un addio partì.	Without farewell she left.
Non ti scordar di me	Do not forget me
La vita mia legata è a te	My life is bound to you.
Io t'amo sempre più	I love you ever more
Nel sogno mio rimani tu.	In my dreams you remain.
Non ti scordar di me	Do not forget me
La vita mia legata è a te	My life is bound to you
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te,	There is always a nest in my heart for you
Non ti scordar di me	Do not forget me.

Addio, fiorito asil (Farewell, flowery shelter)
Text: Luigi Illica (1857-1919) and Giuseppe Giacosa (1847-1906)

Addio, fiorito asil	Farewell, flowery shelter
di letizia e d'amor!	Of happiness and love!
Sempre il mite tuo sembiante	I shall always be tortured
con strazio atroce vedrò	By your delicate appearance.
Addio, fiorito asil,	Farewell, flowery shelter,
non reggo al tuo squallor.	Your dreariness I cannot bear.
Ah, non reggo al tuo squallor.	Ah, your dreariness I cannot bear.
Fuggo, fuggo, ah, son vil!	I must go, I must go, ah, how I despise myself!
Addio, non reggo al tuo squallor,	Farewell, your dreariness I cannot bear.
Ah! son vil,	Ah, how I despise myself,
ah! son vil!	Ah, how I despise myself!

Respublikai man (My Republic)
Text: Boqi Rahimozoda (1910-1982) and Muhiddin Farhat (1924-1984)

Dari dilro ba ruyat vo namudam	I opened the door of my heart to you
Turo dar didavu dil jo namudam	I made room for you in my mind and in my heart
Ba jismu joni khud ma'vo namudam	I made a shelter for you in my body and in my soul
Ba vasfat sh'eri nav insho namudam	I composed a new poem in your honor
Dilu dildor respublikai man	My heart and my beloved, oh my Republic
Ba shuhrat yor respublikai man	I sing of your glory, oh my Republic.
Ba gardun sar kashida kuhsorat	Your mountains look up to the vault of the sky
Zarafshon dashthoi bekanorat	Infinite are the valleys of Zarafshon
Khurushon nahrhoi nuqraborat	And the gentle roar of your shimmering rivers
Zafarmand ast khalqi nomdorat	Proud and illustrious are your people.
Dilu dildor respublikai man	My heart and my beloved, oh my Republic
Ba shuhrat yor respublikai man	I sing of your glory, oh my Republic.

Libiamo ne' lieti calici (Let's drink from the merry chalices)

Text: Francesco Maria Piave (1810 – 1876)

(Alfredo)
Libiamo ne' lieti calici,
che la bellezza infiora;
e la fuggevol, fuggevol ora
s'inebrii a voluttà.
Libiam ne' dolci fremiti
che suscita l'amore,
poichè quell'occhio al core
onnipotente va.
Libiamo, amore, amor fra i calici
più caldi baci avrà.

(Alfredo)
Let's drink from the merry chalices
Adorned with beauty;
And may the fleeting hour
Be intoxicated with pleasure.
Let's drink from the sweet tremblings
That love arouses,
Because this eye
Aims straight to the almighty heart.
Let's drink, my love, and love among the chalices
Will make our kisses hotter.

(Tutti)
Ah! Libiam, amor fra' calici
più caldi baci avrà.

(All)
The chalices will make our kisses hotter

(Violetta)
Tra voi saprò dividere
il tempo mio giocondo;
tutto è follia nel mondo
ciò che non è piacer.
Godiam, fugace e rapido
è il gaudio dell'amore;
e un fior che nasce e muore,
nè più si può goder.
Godiam!
C'invita un fervido
accento lusinghier.

(Violetta)
With you I will share
My happy times;
Everything on life is foolish
Which is not pleasure.
Let's enjoy life, for the delight of love
Is fleeting and all too brief;
Like a flower that blooms and withers,
We can no longer enjoy it.
love soon loses its scent and its beauty.
Let's enjoy life, an ardent and flattering call
Invites us.

(Tutti)
Ah! Godiamo!
La tazza e il cantico
la notte abbella e il riso,
in questo paradiso
ne scopra il nuovo dì.

(All)
Let's enjoy,
Wine and singing
Make the night and our laughter beautiful;
Let the new day
Find us in this paradise.

(Violetta)
La vita è nel tripudio.

(Violetta)
The meaning of life is celebration

(Alfredo)
Quando non s'ami ancora...

(Alfredo)
Only if one has not known love

(Violetta)
Nol dite a chi l'ignora.

(Violetta)
Do not tell someone who does not know

(Alfredo)
È il mio destin così.

(Alfredo)
But that is my fate…

(Tutti)
Ah! sì, godiamo...
La tazza e il cantico
la notte abbella e il riso,
in questo paradiso
ne scopra il nuovo dì.

(All)
Let's enjoy, t
Wine and singing
Make the night and our laughter beautiful;
Let the new day
Find us in this paradise.

Asphar awordim (We brought the horses)
Text: traditional (Afghan Persian)

Asphār awordim be dar-e khāneh
Miborim arus khod mire be khāneh
Mādar-e (Piyar-e / Burar-e / Khuhar-e) arus mishnawi yā ne?
Miborim arus khod migzāri yā ne?
Ne nemirom, ne nemirom, khāneh mādar bihtare.

"We brought the horses in front of the house.
We'll take our bride home.
Mother (Father / Brother / Sister) of the bride!
Can you hear me or not?
We'll take our bride. Will you let us?"
"No, I won't go! No, I won't go! My mother's house is better!"

Sarı gəlin (Blonde bride)
Text: traditional (Azeri and Farsi)

Saçın ucun, hörməzlər, gülü qönçə, dərməzlər, sarı gəlin
Bu sevda nə, sevdadir, səni mənə verməzlər,
Neynim aman aman, neynim aman aman, sarı gəlin
Bu dərənin, uzunu, Çoban qaytar, quzunu, quzunu
Nə ola bir, gün görəydim, nazlı yarımın, üzünü,
Neynim aman aman, neynim aman aman, sarı gəlin.

Hair ringlet should not be braided, rose bloom should not be plucked, blonde bride! What a love this love is! They do not allow you to be mine.
What I can do, mercy! Oh, mercy! Oh, blond bride!
Look at the beauty of the valley, oh Shepherd, bring back lambs,
How and when can I see my coquettish beloved?
What I can do, mercy! Oh, mercy! Oh, blonde bride!

Dāman keshān, sāqiye mey khurān, az kenāre yārān,
Masto gisu afshān, migorizad.
Bar jāme mey, az sharange duri,bar qame mahjuri,
Chon sharābi jushān mey berizad.
Dāram qalbi larzān ze rahash, dideh shod negarān,
Sāqiye mey khārān, az kenāre yārān,
Masto gisu afshān, migorizad.

Her skirt dragging behind, the drinking cup-bearer,
Drunk and swinging her hair, is escaping past the friends.
She will pour into my cup from the poison of separation
She will pour a hidden blade like burning wine.
My heart trembles as she passes by, my eyes become worried,
The drinking cup-bearer, drunk and swinging her hair,
Is escaping past the friends.

Falaki dashti (*Falak* of the plains)
Text: traditional (Tajik Persian)

Ne kheshi qarib doram ne dusti ba dil
Dar shahri shumo misoli man nest faqir
Dar shari musofiri dilam gasht khijil
Bechorai bekasam biyo dastam gir

I have no relative with me, and no affectionate friend
No one in your land is as miserable as I am
In the land of passers-by my heart has roamed in anguish
I am helpless and lonely, come and take my hand.

Sarchashmai boghi bulbulon ay vatanam
Khushbod havoi buston ay vatanam
Yak bori digar bod barad ba vatanam
Dilpora kunam yodi gharibi nakunam

My homeland is a water spring and a garden of nightingales
My homeland is a gentle wind and the fragrance of an orchard
Let the wind take me once again to my homeland
Let me soothe my heart and forget the grief of exile.

Falaki zina ba zina (Step-by-step *falak*)
Text: traditional (Tajik Persian)

Bin to ba dilam z-on buti mahru chi guzasht
U kay donad ki dar dilam zi u chi guzasht
Tirafkanro zi dardi ohu chi khabar
Ohu donad ki dar dili u chi guzasht.

See what happened to my heart because of that beauty
Will she ever know what happened to my heart because of her?
What does the hunter know about the pain of the gazelle?
Only the gazelle knows what happened to her heart.

Kardam ghalate khayma zadam dar Jayhun
Abr omad shokhi khaymaro kard nigun
Laylî bigirist ba holi zori Majnun
Sangho hama la'l gashtan daryo purkhun.

I made a mistake: I fixed my tent along the river Jayhun
Clouds came by and turned my tent upside down
Layli cried over the misfortunes of Majnun
The rocks turned to rubies, the river turned to blood.

Az subh hamesha jonibi shom ravem
Zi oghoz hamesha suy anjom ravem
Bo nom ravem agar hej az ajal
Tarsem az on ajal ki be nom ravem.

We always go all the way from morn to evening
We always go all the way from beginning to end
If we were to pass away without a name
We shall be afraid of that death without a name.

Duniyo chu nigori dilpisand ast mudom
Bar oshiqi khud jafo pisand ast mudom
Shamsher tasodufan rasad bar sari past
On bar sari mardi sarbaland ast mudom.

The world is always like a beauty dear to the heart
Torment is always dear to the one in love
Only by chance the sword goes to a miserable man
The sword always belongs to the proud man.

Qal'abandi
Text: Abdulqadir Bedil (1644-1721)

E huzuri maqdamat dar zindagi burhoni man
Murda budam zindaam kardi biyo ey joni man
Bahri pobusi tu harjo sabzai sar mekashi
Dosht bo khud nuskhai az hasrati mijgoni man
Har kujo mekhurd ob oze ba gushi nozukash
Bo tapish sar mekashi onjo dili noloni man
Intizori doshtam dar gushai vaironae
Yusufistton kard fazlat kulbai ehsoni man
Bedil az sozi dilu dasti tihi sharmandayam
Juz duo digar ci oyad az manu somoni man
Bedil az sozi dilu dasti tihi sharmandayam
Juz duo digar ci oyad az manu somoni man.

Your coming to life is for me the sign of truth
I was dead and you made me alive again; come to me, my life!
With your gentle steps, everywhere you stand out like green grass
You brought with yourself the reflection of my tearful eyes.
Wherever you drank water, there was desire for your delicate ears
Wherever your heart beats, there is my weeping heart.
I waited by a street corner in ruins
Yusuf made your grace, you are my shelter and my redemption.
Bedil says: "I am ashamed of my poverty and the state of my heart"
Except for a prayer, what will remain of me and my home?

Oshyoni bulbulon (Nest of nightingales)
Text: traditional (Tajik Persian)

Didam man dar yak chaman yak oshyon	I saw a nest in a garden
Oshyoni pursafoi bulbulon	An immaculate nest of nightingales.
Bulbuloni nuqtapardozi naku	Beautiful speckled nightingales
Ishqbozoni guli khushrangu bu	Seducers of colorful and fragrant flowers.
Chun maro didan peshi oshyon	Once they saw me before their nest,
Girdi man gird omadand on bulbulon	The nightingales came in circles all around me.
Yak taraf rafian dar cah cah zadan	They came chirping from one side
Naghmaho khondand dar basfi chaman	They sang melodies in honor of the garden.
Naghmahoshonro ci gush andokhtam	I listened to their songs so intensely
Mast gashtam hushi khudro bokhtam	That I became drunk and lost my mind.
E khusho on gulshanu on oshyon	How blessed was that garden and that nest!
Bar shumo az man salom e bulbulon	My greetings to you, o nightingales.

Falaki dashti
Text: traditional (Tajik Persian)

Faryod ki umri man mukammal meshud	Help, my lifetime has come to an end
Charkhi falakam ba dasti modar meshud	If the wheel of fortune were in my mother's hands
Modar merisht tamomi umram medod	My mother would weave my whole life together again
Davroni guzashta boz az sar meshud	And the times gone past would start again.

Falak
Text: traditional (Tajik Persian)

Dar olami be vafo kase khurram nest	In this deceiving world no one is joyful
Shodiu nishot dar bani odam nest	There is no happiness or delight in humankind
On kas ki dar in zamon na uro gham nest	The one who does not suffer in this time
Yo odam nest yo ki az in olam nest	Either is not human or is not from this world.

Mahbubai jon (Beloved sweetheart)
Text: Muhammadjon Rahimi (1901-1968)

Mahbubai jon ki bakhtior ast	My beloved sweetheart, blessed by fortune
Az orazash ishqro bahor ast	Out of desire for her, love blossoms.
Hargiz ba latofatash kami nest	Her grace never knows flaws
Gulhoi saodatash ba bor ast	Like a flower her merriment blossoms.
Oinai dil ba khonai chashm	The heart is a mirror to the eyes
Az tal'ati û sitora bor ast	From her beauty the stars glimmer.
Az husnu jamoli û huvaido	From her splendor everything takes the color
Rangi guli surkhi navbahor ast	Of the red flowers of a new springtime.
Dil bahri chunin arûs imrûz	My heart today soars with dreams
Dar kûhi murod khostgor ast	In search of a spouse for this young bride.
Az mo ba yake nigori dilbar	Let these verses of Rahimi be an offering
In she'ri Rahimi yodgor ast	To every woman who has conquered a heart
Mahbubai jon ki bakhtior ast	
Az orazash ishqro bahor ast	
Hargiz ba latofatash kami nest	
Gulhoi saodatash ba bor ast	

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